

**Terms of Subscription.**  
Dollars and fifty cents if paid in advance.  
No paper discontinued until arrearages are  
paid, except at the option of the publisher. No  
subscription received for less than twelve months.  
We will pay the postage on letters containing  
Five Dollars and upwards, and money may be re-  
mitted through the mail at our risk. The Post-  
master's certificate of such remittance shall be a  
sufficient receipt therefor.  
Letters to the proprietors on business con-  
nected with this establishment, must be post paid.

**OUR CIRCULATION.**  
We mean to keep the following paragraph stand-  
ing for the benefit of all who may concern:  
ADVERTISEMENT.—We would commend the following  
facts to the attention of the advertising community.  
The "Wilmington Journal" circulates in the town  
of Wilmington as large as that of any other paper pub-  
lished in the place. We would further state that its  
circulation in the counties which trade to this place is  
three times as large as that of any other paper pub-  
lished in North Carolina, and that it is daily increasing.  
We say, therefore, without the least shadow of doubt,  
that it is the best vehicle for advertising which the peo-  
ple of Wilmington can select. One other observation.  
We think, that although a large majority of the readers  
of the "Journal" are Democrats, still they occasionally  
do a little trading, as well as the readers of the other pa-  
pers. We have written the above merely for the infor-  
mation of those who are most deeply interested—busi-  
ness men of all professions and all political creden-  
tials—WHO WANT CUSTOMERS.

**MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.**  
**Post Office, Wilmington.**  
NORTHERN MAIL, by Rail Road, due daily at 10 A. M.,  
and close at 12 P. M. every day.  
SOUTHERN MAIL, by Steamer from Charleston, is due  
daily at 8 A. M., and closes at 11 A. M. every day.  
FAYETTEVILLE MAIL, by Rail Road, is due on Mondays  
Wednesdays and Fridays, at 3 P. M., and closes on same  
days at 10 P. M.  
FAYETTEVILLE MAIL, by Prospect Hill, Elizabethtown,  
Wentworth, and Raleigh, is due on Tuesdays Thursdays  
and Saturdays, at 9 A. M., and closes on same days  
at 10 P. M.  
SMITHVILLE MAIL, by Steamer, is due daily at 8 A. M.,  
and closes at 12 P. M. every day.  
TAYLOR'S BARGE, Lenoir, Moore's Creek, Black  
River, Orange, and HANCOCK'S STORE MAIL, is due every  
Thursday at 6 P. M., and closes same night at 10 P. M.  
ONKOW COTTON HOUSE, STUMP SOUND, and TOPSAIL  
MAIL, is due every Monday at 4 P. M., and closes every  
Thursday night at 10 P. M.

**PRINTING**  
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,  
Neatly executed and with dispatch, on  
liberal terms for cash, at the  
**JOURNAL OFFICE.**

**DAVID FULTON,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
WILMINGTON, N. C.

**EDWARD CANTWELL,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
AND  
Commissioner of Deeds for South Carolina,  
WILMINGTON, N. C.  
June 19, 1846.—[40-1f.]

**GILLESPE & ROBESON**  
Continue the AGENCY business, and will make  
liberal advances on consignments of  
Lumber, Naval Stores, &c. &c.  
Wilmington, August 1st, 1845.

**JOHN HALL,**  
(LATE OF WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA.)  
COMMISSION MERCHANT,  
AND AGENT FOR THE SALE OF  
NORTH CAROLINA NAVAL STORES,  
33 GRAVIER STREET, New Orleans,  
Jan. 8, 1847.—[17-3m]

**MYERS & BARNUM,**  
Manufacturers and Dealers in  
HATS AND CAPS,  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,  
MARKET STREET—Wilmington, N. C.

**GEORGE W. DAVIS,**  
Commission and Forwarding  
MERCHANT,  
LONDON'S WHARF, WILMINGTON, N. C.

**ROBT. G. HANKIN,**  
Auctioneer & Commission Merchant,  
WILMINGTON, N. C.

Liberal advances made on shipments to his friends  
in New York.  
September 21, 1844. 1-f.

**NOTICE.**  
A T T R T Term of Duplin County Court, the  
subscriber having qualified as Executor to  
the last Will and Testament of the Rev. PETER  
CANTWELL, dec'd., requests all persons indebted to  
said estate to make immediate payment of their  
respective dues and all those having claims against  
said estate, are notified to present them, duly au-  
thenticated, within the time limited by law, or the  
statute will be plead in bar of their recovery.  
April 30, 1847.—[33-1f]

**PALE ALE**—50 dozen Pale Ale, pints  
and quarts. For sale low at  
[A30] HOWARD & PEDEN'S.

**SUGARS**—New Orleans, St. Croix, Loaf,  
Powdered and Crushed, at  
[A30] HOWARD & PEDEN'S.

**FOR SALE.**  
A COUPLE of likely Negro fellows. Terms  
made known on application to  
MILES COSTIN.  
April 23d, 1847.—[32-1f]

**BOSTON CRACKERS**—20 Cansisters  
Bent's Boston Crackers. For sale at  
[A30] HOWARD & PEDEN'S.

**SUGARS AND TOBACCO**—50,000 Seg-  
ars, assorted Brands—Tobacco in all va-  
rieties, at  
[A30] HOWARD & PEDEN'S.

**COMMITTED**  
TO the Jail of Duplin County, on Thursday,  
22d of April, the following described NE-  
GROES:—  
BILL JOHNSON, aged 28 years, 5 feet 10  
inches high, left eye out—a black.  
ALLEN BANKS, aged 35 years, 5 feet 6 1/2  
inches high—a mulatto—and  
BETSEY BANKS, (who says she is wife to  
said Allen), aged 25 years, 5 feet 4 1/2 inches high,  
straight hair, also a mulatto.  
These Negroes assert that they are free, but  
having no papers or other evidence to establish  
their freedom, they have been committed to Jail  
as runaway slaves. All persons having claims  
against said Negroes will come forward and prove the  
same, or they will be dealt with as the law directs.  
JOHN B. HUSSEY, Jailor.  
April 30, 1847.—[34-1f]

**SACK SALT**—50 sacks Liverpool ground  
Salt, at  
[A30] HOWARD & PEDEN'S.

**FLOUR**—10 barrels Canal, 10 half do. do.  
30 lbs. Fayetteville, at  
[A30] HOWARD & PEDEN'S.

**SOAP**—50 Boxes Colgate SOAP; 10  
do. Pearl Starch, at  
[A30] HOWARD & PEDEN'S.

**JUST LANDED**, 800 barrels fresh Thom-  
son Lime, A. C. Calcein Plaster, Hydrat-  
ed Cement, Plastering Hair, and Fire Brick. For  
sale by  
J. C. & R. B. WOOD.  
May 7, 1847. 34-1f

# Wilmington Journal.

DAVID FULTON, Editor.

GOD, OUR COUNTRY, AND LIBERTY.

VOL. 3.—NO. 35.

WILMINGTON, N. C., FRIDAY, MAY 14, 1847.

TERMS: \$2.50 in advance.

WHOLE NO. 139.

COMMERCIAL BANK OF WILMINGTON.

THE organization of this institution having ta-  
ken place, in conformity to the Charter,  
Books of Subscription are now re-opened at the  
Bank of Cape Fear in this place for balance of  
capital stock.  
O. G. PARSLEY, Pres't.  
April 3, 1847.—[33-1f]

**RIO AND LAIGURA COFFEE**—10  
bags Rio; 10 do. Lagura; 5 do. Java,  
[A30] at HOWARD & PEDEN'S.

**Pickles, Preserves, Vinegar, &c.**

**CASES Underwood's Pickles, assorted,**  
10 " Preserves, all varieties,  
1 " French Mustard,  
5 " English " "  
5 " Brandy Cherries,  
1 " Peaches,  
1 " Lime Juice,  
10 " Lemon Syrup,  
1 " Tarragon Vin gar,  
1 " Peas,  
1 " Raspberry " "  
Pepper Sauce, Catsup, Horse Radish, &c.  
For sale low, at  
[A30] HOWARD & PEDEN'S.

**NOTICE.**

**Valuable Lands For Sale.**

THE subscriber having qualified as Executor  
to the last Will and Testament of the Rev.  
PETER CANTWELL, dec'd., will sell, on Thursday,  
the 10th of June, the Red House plantation, near  
Richard Strickland's, in Duplin county, a tract of  
land containing about 700 acres, on which tract  
two tacks of new boxes can be cut. Said tract  
lies near the Rail Road, and has valuable Timber,  
with some cleared land, in had repair, and a toler-  
able good old dwelling house thereon. Also, on the  
same day and place, I shall offer for sale a  
tract of land called the Jacob Matthews Tract, on  
the waters of Rockfish, containing about 263 acres  
Pine Land. Those wishing to purchase, would  
do well to look for themselves before the day of  
sale. I would refer such to Richard Strickland,  
who lives near the Red House Tract, and Jacob  
Matthews, who lives near the Jacob Matthews  
Tract. There will be a short credit given, with  
notes and unquestionable securities required.—  
Terms made known on the day of sale.  
April 30, 1847.—[33-1f]

**LIST OF LETTERS,**

REMAINING in the Post Office at Wil-  
mington, on the 30th of April, 1847.  
Those whose names appear on this list, are  
requested to ask for delivered Letters.

Anderson, miss M E Aloss, Richard  
Artis, Clinton Armstrong, Mrs. Jane  
Barker, Joseph Brinson, T  
Barclay, miss S E Bell, miss M C  
Brothers, John Blackman, P 2  
Beasley, John Brooks, D R  
Bony, Berry D Bonham, N  
Bryan, miss M A 2 Barstow, James D  
Burney, Rob't T Buritt, T  
Brown, Mrs. Nacky Brothers, miss M C  
Brothers, R. Lemuel Burkhall, Lemuel  
Boyn, Caroline S Bryan, James  
Bryant, Mrs. S E Burch, James  
Beironi, E Berry, miss Amanda  
Bradman, Seth C 2 Bristol, John  
Brantley, J N Blakely, John F  
Byron, B Baker, Agness  
C. Collins, miss M  
Cambell, Nancy Collins, Geo W  
Cambell Encampment, Curtis, Geo W  
Cornings, Warren Costin, George  
Charlotte, John Cray, Olive B  
Dekeran, Win D  
Daviss, T S Drayton, Rev B E  
Daviss, H B Eldred, G N  
Evans, miss Lucy A Evans, Thomas  
Ellerson, Billy F  
Freeman, S L  
Fail, John P Foster, miss D P  
Fay, H B Forsyth, M  
Faucett, W H  
Gray, Rev Henry G  
Gilbert, Samuel G  
Hardy, G  
Hill, Wm Grantes, T G  
Hill, Thomas Grinsley, O M  
Hill, Balem  
Herron, J H  
Harris, James  
Harris, miss E  
Husborack, Ben'j  
Haskell, Albert  
Hilliard, J R  
Jones, Geo M  
Jenkins, Philip  
Jeffreys, J  
Jussely, John  
Johnson, H 3  
Jones, George  
King, J W 2  
Kerigan, miss  
Kroth, B  
Lawrence, J R  
Laskins, W R  
Langley, R J  
Linders, Joseph  
Lewis, M  
Lasprie, A  
M. Marines, A  
Matlan, Isaham  
McMeron, Jacob  
McKearney, E  
McKearney, H  
Messon, A  
McClammy, Hugh  
McCoey, J W  
N. & O. Newman, Charles  
Orr, T C  
Oxenham, J C  
P. & Q. Purdy, C B  
Pepper, Lewis  
Price, George  
Purkins, N  
Potter, miss Anna D H  
Quirens, miss Isabella  
Quince, Joseph  
Quirk, Wm  
R. Russ, miss Sarah  
Ritter, Elmond  
Robeson, John  
S. Smith, W B  
Smith, Alexander  
Shaw, miss E  
Street, W N  
Smith, Washington  
Spafford, N R  
Strode, Porter  
Standland, Jonathan  
T. Todd, Samuel  
Thayer, Charles W  
Van Nortrick, H C  
W. & Y. Walton, James  
Wallis, Perry  
Williams, R  
Wallace, Anna  
Wadde, miss Francis  
Winslow, C D  
Young, C C  
W. C. BETTENCOURT, P. M.

**THE JOURNAL.**

Written for the Wilmington Journal.

**Fatality of Disappointed Love.**

BY A SAMPSONIAN.

There is a spark in the human bosom which,  
with others it exists in the more exposed and ele-  
vated region of the passions. When blown into  
a flame it lights up the general impulse of life,  
manifesting itself in every thought, every word,  
every action. 'Tis often suffered to smoulder a-  
mong infernal vapors of bitter thought and con-  
templation; the consequences of which are fatal  
to it dries up the current of life. It has but one  
antidote: its success in communicating with, and  
kindling into flame, the dormant ardor from which  
it caught fire, when it is lost in visions of imagi-  
nary bliss. In the one instance it is a withering  
poison to vitality, while in the other 'tis a sweet  
of human existence.

It is seldom that any study frame of the male  
part of the human family is more than tempo-  
rarily affected. Men, like the hardy oak of the forest,  
will bend beneath the whirling blast of the tempest  
until it passes away, when he will lift himself and  
brighten up again into sunshine. But with wo-  
man it often grows into malady. She may be li-  
kened to the tender twig which clings for support  
and protection to the more able growth of the  
wood, but which, in some hurricane, is torn fur-  
iously away and cast off to die, neglected and for-  
gotten.

This may, perhaps, be viewed by those who are  
less ardent in their nature than myself, as a wild  
delusion of the fancy; and I, too, as they might  
probably be had of persuasion, had I not once  
witnessed its practical demonstration in the de-  
cline of a fair and lovely female, the only child  
of a widowed mother, whose woe-begone appearance  
led me to make inquiry concerning the cause.—  
Others pretended to be blind and unable to dis-  
cover any certain cause of her gradual declension,  
while I, from the information gained by my ear-  
nest inquiry and my careful observation of every  
symptom by which the cause of her indisposition  
could be traced out, was successful in at once de-  
tecting, preying upon the very core of her heart,  
the poisonous worm of disappointed love. The  
cause, I thought, should have been known to all  
those, at least, who were familiar with the attri-  
butes of female character, or were at all addicted  
to close observation. It was at least no stranger  
to her own bosom, of which it had too long been  
a reigning inhabitant.

It was heart-rending, it was agonizing, it was  
soul-piercing, to behold the gradual withering of a  
tender bud, so lovely in its simplicity, the fresh-  
ness of which had been, by the ruthless touch of  
some careless hand, turned into the meagre and  
pallid form of fading beauty. Yes! The once  
modest and beautiful, but now withering bud, had  
just begun to sial bashfully forth from its green  
vernal casement into a lovely flower. But ere it  
matured, the chilling blast of an untimely winter  
wilted and weighed down its beautiful head.

It finally decayed, and fell lifelessly from the  
stem of its support, deserting, with an air of ac-  
cording and passive composure, its lovely and bloom-  
ing companions, leaving them in weeping attitude,  
to droop over and mourn its sudden and untimely  
downfall, and exposing, but alas too late for remedy,  
the black worm that had sucked out its life.

An unreserved intimacy existed between JULIA  
(for that was her name), and myself. She hereto-  
fore had no thought but my bosom was made its  
depository; no girlish desire but I was the medium  
through which she accomplished its gratification;  
no design but she made me its executor, and why  
should she now refuse to lean upon me as a secret  
stay and solace in those hours of agony.

I had discovered the hidden channel through  
which the current of her life was gradually con-  
suming itself into darkness, flowing ruggedly over  
every moment of her happiness, and converting  
her youthful hopes into bitter contemplations, and  
her dreams of love into thoughts of misery.

Although the unhappy attachment had been  
formed between herself and one of my relations,  
he did not even hint to me that he had been op-  
posed in his love; but, as I supposed, endeavored  
to conceal his mortification with repeated and  
fruitless attempts at cheerfulness. After having  
secretly gathered all the circumstances connected  
with the case, I determined to pay her a visit,  
which I accordingly did.

My arrival was, as I anticipated, greeted with  
joy, and the hearty welcome of the mother at first  
inspired me with the hope that my secret and un-  
known designs would at last wear the crown of  
success; but a little reflection taught me the fallacy  
of hope—'tis all form with her, I thought, while  
of the daughter is the pure impulse of the heart.

The beautiful little Julia ran and met me at a  
wicket gate that opened upon the yard, with one  
of those bewitching smiles that had been the orna-  
ment of her angel face in her moments of by-gone  
gladness, and which had stolen its way back from  
the dark dungeon of misery in which it had been  
pent up, through some portal which the strength  
of her joy at my wished for, though unexpected  
arrival, had forced open. But the agony of her  
bosom had been too firmly located to be cheated  
so easily out of its existence. Misery forced its  
self again upon her memory, and the smile of joy  
fell back into its dark dungeon of sorrow, like an  
innocent victim disappointed in escape.

Her rapid attempts at cheerfulness, her repeated  
endeavors to smile away from her lovely features  
those traces of misery which the premature arrival  
of life's sorrows had marked, too plainly told that  
the cup of her bosom's gladness had been drained  
of its last sweet, and supplied with the gall of bit-  
terness.

The whole of her conversation, during the even-  
ing, was filled with suppressed and unconscious  
sighs, while she endeavored to make herself agree-  
able, with an occasional forced and unnatural  
smile, and in which she would try to print the  
language of joy; but ere she could succeed, some  
minister of disappointed hope would blacken the  
pure whiteness of its nature, and throw it back a  
condemned sheet in the dark portfolio of misery;  
covering its accursed place of beauty with traces  
of the deepest agony.

Why, I thought, can I not now rule that spirit  
which had ever before yielded unresistingly to the  
mild force of my persuasion? Why has she suf-  
fered her reason to expire and sink down under  
the ponderous burden of the unbidden tears of this  
miserable existence? and why has she suffered the  
black cloud of rising sorrow to obscure the

brilliant meridian of her approaching womanhood?

The mother's attention being at length drawn  
to her household affairs, I proposed to Julia a ram-  
ble in the grove, which had been neatly trimmed  
and adjusted by her father before his death, grow-  
ing in the rear of the large white dwelling, and  
which was set off in its front with cedars and large  
Lumbardy poplars, towering majestically, as tho'  
they were endeavoring to pierce the broad azure  
sky.

We set out, and when we had gained the grove  
I offered her my arm, which she accepted.

The sun had nearly set, and was gradually  
drawing its last golden rays over the surface of a  
broad blue bank of western cloud, behind which  
it had prematurely concealed itself, throwing a re-  
flection from the yellow horizon that gave all na-  
ture a melancholy countenance, and which gradu-  
ally lessened away before the soft visage of ap-  
proaching night.

The period which nature herself seemed to have  
prescribed as the evening of daily labor, had  
arrived. The birds of the day were hurrying off  
in scattered numbers to their accustomed places of  
rest, while those of the night were already begin-  
ning to hoot from the darkly clustered branches of  
the grove trees. The hush notes of the merry  
cricket, the only noise by which the reigning si-  
lence was broken, fell (almost inaudibly upon our  
hearing), and united in giving the surrounding  
scenery an air of gloomy quiet.

No word had been uttered since we entered the  
grove; it was indeed a silence that seemed to pre-  
pare the soul for reflection.

Though I was upon the point of introducing  
some subject, by which I thought there was a  
probability of being led into a discussion of the  
topic of our miseries, when I felt upon my hand,  
which, for some cause, I had partially extended,  
falling, in quick succession, the warm drops of  
her tears.

Mercy, I thought, is there no balm in Gilead—  
is there no ministering angel to quiet the turbu-  
lence of thy spirit, which seems to have assumed  
the form of a demon, to prey upon and consume  
thy gentle nature. I saw that she was desirous of  
concealing this irrepressible outpouring of her  
soul, and which told too plainly that her life was  
gradually ebbing out in drops of agony.

We continued silently on our way until we ar-  
rived at a place where the light of the sky was  
thinning gloriously through an opening upon a small  
vacant spot, which had been made by the falling  
of one of the grove trees.

She seated herself upon the trunk of the fallen  
tree, seeming to have partially aroused herself  
from the melancholy into which she had fallen,  
the burden of which, upon her tender bosom, had  
been slightly lessened, through the aid of her flow-  
ing grief.

"O, cousin!" she at length broke forth, with  
enthusiasm, "what a beautiful place for reflection.  
Nature herself, seems to have set it apart for that  
purpose." Here she endeavored to encourage the  
delusive transport with a smile, but it was scarce-  
ly visible before it vanished.

"Ay, cousin," I replied, "what a pity it is that  
the entire world seems to be lost to proper and se-  
rious reflection—that reflection which should guide  
us as a beacon in the path of rectitude."

"Yes," she continued, "tis but a world of mi-  
ery and trouble, and we should esteem it as but a  
short probation and temporary existence, to pre-  
pare for a brilliant future."

"You are almost a Christian," I rejoined, some-  
what heartily, as a means to probe the wound of  
her heart, that I might learn whether conversa-  
tion upon the subject of her unfortunate attach-  
ment, possessed the virtue of a healing or galling  
application. She gave me a glance that wound up  
my soul into wretchedness—it was laden with the  
bitterness of love and disappointment.

"O, that I were," she said. "Were it not for  
one, I could then willingly close my eyes without  
a pang upon this world of sin and sorrow."

'Twas had already begun to deepen into  
night, and we slowly wound our way back through  
the dark shade of the grove.

Some minutes before my departure in the morn-  
ing, we were alone; I again endeavored to lead  
her into the subject, for a discussion of which I  
visited her, with the hope of recalling her from the  
melancholy fate that seemed to hang like a dark  
and threatening cloud over her existence.

She expressed quite a degree of dis-appointment  
at my early departure, and said she never ex-  
pected to see me again. My visit, in fact, was but a  
call, for pressing business demanded my speedy  
presence in the upper country, and would not al-  
low the indulgence even of a moment's tarry.

I expressed utter astonishment at so strange,  
and what I pretended to believe, a groundless con-  
clusion, though it was a fine opening to the sub-  
ject. As she might possibly have intended it,  
and I should have embraced it had I not deem-  
ed it unwise, fearing, after such words, that any  
hint, however guarded, might wear some aspect  
tending to encourage her opinion, which I knew  
would but deepen her agony and consume more  
speedily her tender vitality.

I told her I knew that I should see her often,  
and that she would live to see many buried who  
were then treading with her the flowery path of  
health; and with a degree of levity requested, as  
a means to force upon her the earnestness of my  
belief, that if she should die beyond my presence  
she must not forget to allot to me (of her posses-  
sion), a little autumn lock that curled beautifully  
over her high pale brow, which seemed to have  
been set apart for its sole beauty, and which, in  
her days of departed happiness, I had often tear-  
fully solicited as a gift for her lover.

She told me I might have it then if I would  
take it; I declined, telling her I would not deprive  
her of so much beauty, and ventured at last to  
speak of the one it might displease.

At the very sound of his name, the last drops  
began to gather slowly in her large blue eyes; I  
dropped the subject instantly as a poisoning topic,  
and after giving the ebullition I had intentionally  
created full time to subside, I took my departure.

I was astonished and aggravated at the bluntness  
of my own perception, and had it not been for the  
urgency of my business, I should have returned  
with some feigned excuse, and made one more  
effort to heal that wounded heart; that bleeding  
bosom in the joy of which once existed the very  
life of my delight.

But it was too late, and the probability was that  
I should never see her again, unless speed could  
bring me once more in her presence. I accord-  
ingly determined to hasten and despatch my busi-  
ness with all possible alacrity.

During my absence she occupied my whole  
thought, and my solicitude for her welfare, con-  
spired to make my journey one unbroken conti-  
nuity of wretched contemplation.

The period of eleven days found me again near  
the place of the long wished for interview, for I  
had determined to expose to her the full of her  
grief, and retrieve her, if possible, from the strange  
spell of wretchedness; but one turn more of the  
road and the white dwelling would break like a  
spectre before me.

The sudden clattering of horse hoofs, aroused  
me from the deep reverie into which I had fallen  
a moment past, and my hand met the warm grasp  
of an old friend, and an inmate of the family be-  
fore mentioned.

Our conversation was upon every topic save  
that I have been describing; that I evaded, for I  
was afraid to ask of Julia. It was, indeed, my  
desire, but my beating heart proved faithless to my  
will. I endeavored to find the language of mel-  
ancholy, in his words, his actions, and his outward  
demeanor; but there was a mirth in all that hid  
me hope. Though he was not easily affected,  
yet he had a generous nature.

Poor Julia, I at length, with a degree of firm-  
ness, broke forth; it would indeed be idle to ask if  
she had recovered, but it was better. His response  
was solemn and heartwithering; it is all that is  
left, and can be told in few and simple words.

The day after my departure she fell into a sud-  
den decline. Her reason, he continued, did not  
furnish her unto the last, though at times she  
would seat herself at one of the front windows, and  
would gaze long and silently upon the wide scene-  
ry without, appearing to be wrapt in profound  
thought. She would then seem to awake as if  
from a dream, and would walk listlessly across the  
room backward and forth, humming a plaintive  
little air, the simplicity of which was enough to  
melt the heart of adamant into sympathy.

On the following morning she did not leave her  
chamber; the debility consequent upon her grow-  
ing malady, had gained the mastery, and she  
sank mildly into its grasp with the conscious inno-  
cence of the lamb into the hungry power of the  
ravenous wolf.

Her mother did not until then, learn of previ-  
ous indisposition which she had ingeniously man-  
aged to conceal, not with the veil of her once  
modest affection, but with a desire to hold from  
her a painful truth, the darkness of which would  
change her very life into bitterness.

"She should have known it," I feelingly inter-  
rupted; "and should know farther, that her own  
generous inflexibility is the original cause of all."  
Here my friend undeceived me, perceiving through  
this loud invective, the error into which I had  
fallen.

"The mother," said he, "would have given her all,  
could she have been allowed the favor of granting  
her concurrence; but it is the trait of the soul and  
feminine conduct of her life and faithless lover."

"Pause, for mercy's sake if 'your meaning,  
now I know it all. Heaven forgive the wretch,"  
was all that I could utter, for he broke like an icy  
bath upon me, and convinced me of the truth of  
my conjecture, that notwithstanding her seeming  
diffidence, it was still her desire to make to me  
some disclosure before my departure.

"Her rapid decline," he continued, "increased a-  
larm, and in the evening a physician was called.  
He pronounced her beyond the reach of medical  
aid, and acknowledged his own inability to dis-  
cover the mysterious cause of so scathing a malady."

Late in the evening she desired the lattice to  
be thrown open, that the view upon the road might  
be unobstructed, and would sit silently, and gaze  
long and earnestly upon the avenue, repeating at  
intervals, in almost inaudible accents, for her voice  
was rapidly sinking, "I shall never see him again."

It drove a dagger to my soul, for I  
knew that I was the one to whom she alluded,  
and it told me in tones that rung upon my ear like  
peals of thunder, that it was even her last desire  
to disclose to me something, I knew not what,  
and that my own useless reserve had conspired to  
her misery.

Yet hidden reality, with the desperate hope, that it  
was in my power alone to recall her mortal lover  
to a sense of truth and virtue, to a renewal of the  
love he had prostituted, and of those vows he had  
broken? The question is asked, but alas, too late,  
for there is now no one to respond.

Her mother's growing alarm, forced upon her  
the painful necessity of disclosing to the Doctor  
what she had discovered, and knew to be the cause  
of her daughter's illness. His astonishment and  
regret may be easily imagined without the assis-  
tance of description. "I am more firmly convinced  
now," he said, "of the fallacy of hope; her disease  
will irretrievably prove fatal; her strength is rapid-  
ly declining, and she can survive but a short time."

"She at length," my friend continued, "turned her  
head from the window, arousing as if from a trance,  
calling for her work basket, pen, ink and paper—  
The Doctor asked her if his pencil would not an-  
swer." She nodded her head in silent assent.

He gave it to her with a half sheet of paper;  
she wrote but a few words, and seemed to have  
accomplished her desire. She enclosed something  
in the note that she had taken from her basket,  
sealed, directed, and delivered it with her own  
hand to her mother.

A sudden change came over her. The organs  
of speech seemed to have forsaken their office,  
though she retained a degree of physical power. At  
about this time a light tap was heard at the  
door, a servant boy delivered a note; it was di-  
rected to Julia. She gazed upon it as though she  
knew its purport, and it was a matter of some dis-  
cussion, whether it would be judicious to deliver it.  
The Doctor said it could do no possible harm, and  
that it might possibly contain some healing truth  
beyond the reach of the physician.

The note was accordingly broken, and the let-  
ter presented to the expiring girl.  
It seemed that benign Providence had allotted

to her the portion of strength she manifested in  
perusing the letter, for this exclusive purpose—  
She glanced over it with a quick and glancing glance,  
a forgiving smile of returning joy lit up her heav-  
ily countenance, it gradually faded away, and  
she closed her eyes in death.

The letter fell from her unclosed hands upon  
the floor, her mother seized and read it with a  
hurried glance, and throwing it into the hands of  
the Doctor, burst into a transport of agony.

The letter was as follows:  
"MY FORGIVEN AND DEEPLY INDEBTED JULIA:  
"If in words there exists the power of imparting  
truth, believe me, and hear, O, hear my implora-  
tions. My very thoughts are turned into minis-  
ters of sorrow; and why should they not rise as a  
black cloud, to obscure the horizon of my earthly  
joy, when I know that I have brought upon you  
unseasoning grief, and at a single blow, those  
sorrows, the weight of which could not be







Friday, May 14, 1847.

93-There is no news from General Scott's Army beyond what will be found in our paper of to-day.

## THE WHIG PARTY OF '47.

We do not know that at any anterior period, the federal party of this country has presented so singular or so anomalous an appearance to the eye of the political philosopher, as that party does just at the present writing. During the last half century, under a variety of cognomens, it has endeavored to obtain the ascendancy in the councils of the Republic. It has trimmed its sails to the popular breeze, and has vaulted into the haven of successful power, but with one or two exceptions during all that long period, and those exceptions the result either of accident or deception, it has been destined to meet with nothing but disaster and defeat, at the hands of the people of the United States.

Cameleon like, it has assumed as many hues as the evening rainbow. No sooner has one false guise been torn from its loathsome carcass, and its inherent deformity made to stand forth in all its unseemly nakedness, than it is ready and prepared with another disguise equally deceptive and fallacious. But a few brief years ago, within the memory of the youngest and most inexperienced amongst us, it was seen riding into power with Gen. Harrison as its nominal champion, under a tissue of the most flagrant deceptions which have ever stained the annals of partizan strife. The federal party then succeeded solely because it kept in the dark its real principles. No sooner, however, than it had assumed the reins of power, and throwing off the cloak of hypocrisy which had concealed its hideous deformities through the struggle by which it attained power, than the people of the United States, almost as with one voice, rendered up their verdict of condemnation against it. Indeed, we may lay it down as a proposition which precludes controversy, that whenever the principles of the federal party are fairly put in issue before the American people, they (the people) invariably pronounce against them. Let any man examine the history of the Republic, since the beginning of the present century, and we venture to affirm that he will be led to admit the truth of the proposition.

But of all the various phases which the federal party has assumed during "the memory of man," that one which it presents at the present writing, is, perhaps, the most inexplicable, not to say ridiculous. Ever since this time last year, its leaders, from one end of the Union to another, have been loud-mouthed and incessant in their denunciations of the war in which this country is now engaged with Mexico. We hope we do not subject ourselves to the charge of a want of clarity, when we state as our candid belief that a large majority of the leaders of that party who have been most active in denouncing the war, believe in their hearts and souls, that upon our part it is a just and necessary one. They denounce the war because it so happens that it was declared under the auspices of a democratic administration, and because a democratic administration now carries it on. They think that they can make it a means of breaking down Mr. Polk's administration, and thro' it of destroying the republican party, entirely reckless of the propriety, justice or patriotism, of such a course. We say that this is our opinion and belief, with regard to a majority of the leaders of that party. Heaven forbid that we should entertain for a moment such an opinion of the great mass of the whigs. But realer, just look at this same party now endeavoring to press into the arena of political strife, as its champion, the most successful of Generals in carrying that same "unholy and unjust" war into the very bosom of the enemy's country. Well aware that they cannot succeed, should they attempt to wage the battles of the next Presidential campaign on the basis of principle, they are endeavoring to avail themselves of the military popularity which Gen. Taylor has earned for himself since the commencement of the present war; for, up to the time (some two years ago) when he was ordered to Corpus Christi he was comparatively unknown, as a military man, to the people of the United States. Well now, let the calm, dispassionate reader just look up on this movement for a moment, and he cannot fail to see the same disposition on the part of the federalists to deceive and gull the people of all parties in the country, which has so strikingly characterized federalism since the party lines were first distinctly drawn between the elder Adams and Thomas Jefferson, almost half a century ago. True, Gen. Taylor is a successful general, and we feel confident that he is a patriot; but then what possible qualifications could he bring to the civil administration of the affairs of a great republic like this. Again, the federalists do not themselves know what political principles the hero of Buena Vista holds. He has never said or done anything by which the people of this country can form any estimate of his political views, or of his capacity to carry out those views, whatever they may be. We allude to these things for the purpose of exhibiting to the reader the unscrupulous and no-principled party we have to deal with, in the federalists of the present day and generation. What do the leaders of that party care about the capacity (as a statesman, we mean), or the principles of the man under whose banner they range their themselves, so that they have a chance for success. Once in power, they will mould the man to suit themselves, as they attempted to do with John Tyler. No, reader, they are held together and governed in all their movements by the thirst for power, no matter by what means it is to be gained, or what subterfuges they may be compelled to resort to, in order to attain it. We, in the name of the democratic party, call upon them to declare, as honest, straightforward men—to spread before the people of America the principles of the men they seek to place in office. Let them do this, & then we care not who may be their candidate. All the republican party desires is a fair field, and that the principles which it advocates have a fair and impartial hearing before the American people. Under these circumstances they cannot fail ever to remain in the ascendancy. But will the federal party make a fair fight? No. If by any means its leaders can get a man into the field without any visible principles at all, such a man will

be their candidate. The highest duty, then, of the republican press, will be to be constant and vigilant in its endeavors to unmask the devices and tricks of the federalists—to keep the people constantly on their guard against the designs of that most insidious and unscrupulous party. To this good work we invoke our brethren of the democratic press in this State. We implore them to be vigilant and unceasing in their exertions to keep the people in possession of the moves of our federal opponents. Let them do this, and we have nothing to fear.

**DEATH OF DR. HILL.**—It is with sincere regret that we announce the death of Dr. Jno. Hill, of this place. He died on Sunday last, at his residence in this town. For many years past Dr. Hill had been connected with the Bank of Cape Fear, first as Cashier and then as President, in which latter office he died. In the death of such a man as Dr. Hill, the whole community sustains a severe loss. As a gentleman, a scholar, and an enterprising citizen, he was well known and much respected throughout the whole of the Cape Fear region of the State.

On Monday, at 3 o'clock, P. M., his remains were followed from his late residence to the steamer employed for the purpose of conveying them to *Orton*, in Brunswick county, by a large concourse of the citizens of Wilmington.

**BANK OF CAPE FEAR.**—We learn that Dr. THOMAS WRIGHT (late Cashier), has been elected by the Board of Directors of the Bank of Cape Fear, to the Presidency of that institution, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Dr. Jno. Hill.

**ODD FELLOWS' CELEBRATION.**—The Odd Fellows of the town of Wilmington, together with a number of members of that Society from other parts of the State, celebrated their anniversary on yesterday, in a most spirited manner. The address was delivered by Rev. Bro. A. P. REPTON; and we learn from those who heard it, that it was very appropriate, and well worthy the occasion on which it was delivered.

**THE CLARENDON HORSE GUARDS.**—PRESENTATION OF A FLAG.—On Saturday last, the 8th inst., (the anniversary of the battle of Palo Alto), the Clarendon Horse Guards paraded in front of the Carolina Hotel, from which place they marched to the residence of Ex-Governor Dudley, for the purpose of receiving a beautiful banner, the gift of the fair daughters of Wilmington. The flag, which is a white satin one, with beautiful and appropriate devices, was presented to the company by Gov. Dudley, who on this occasion had the honor of being the spokesman of the fair donors. It was received on behalf of the company by Capt. W. C. Howard. The addresses of Gov. Dudley on presenting the flag, and of Capt. Howard on receiving it, were short, beautiful and appropriate, and we would have taken great pleasure in spreading them before our readers had they been furnished us for that purpose.

**THE EIGHTH DISTRICT.**—We see that the Whigs have nominated Richard S. Donnell, Esq., of Craven county, as their candidate for Congress in this district. What are our Democratic friends doing in this district? We have seen no move on their part to bring out a Democratic candidate. It is high time they were thinking about the matter. It is true there is a whig majority in the district, if we look to the late trials of strength between the parties; but then the majority is not great, and we have no doubt but if our party will only make a judicious selection it can carry the district with perfect ease. Mr. Donnell is not the man to rally the Whig ranks; and besides, he will have to carry on his back, through the campaign, the sins of the late Federal Legislature. We therefore call upon our friends in this district to bring out a good and a true man, and we feel confident that they can elect him.

**TRIAL AND CONVICTION OF BARFIELD.**—John Barfield was arraigned, on Wednesday of the last term of Cumberland Superior Court, for the murder of Alfred Flowers, his honor, Judge Battle presiding. The trial was a deeply interesting one, and created no little excitement, we learn. The prisoner was defended by Messrs. Toomer, Badger, and Wright, and the prosecution for the State was conducted by the Solicitor Mr. Ashe, assisted by the Hon. Robert Strange. The jury retired for about an hour, and rendered a verdict of guilty. We learn that Barfield has appealed to the Supreme Court, upon what ground we have not ascertained. This will give him six months longer, at any rate.

It will be seen by reference to another column, that the Democracy of Cumberland held a meeting during last week, in which they nominated Gen. McKay for Congress. We feel assured that, under the circumstances, Gen. McKay cannot feel himself justified in refusing to accept the nomination which has been so spontaneously tendered to him by almost every county in the district. His health, it is true, is rather delicate just now, but we learn that he proposes going to the Springs in the course of the coming summer, and we feel assured that he will return much invigorated both in body and mind. There is, according to our notion, no necessity in the world for his canvassing the district. We all know him and his principles so well during the last thirty years that he has been in public life, that it would be an unnecessary tax upon his already delicate constitution to "stump" the whole district during the hot summer months.

**THE CITIZENS OF RALEIGH** held a public meeting on the 1st instant, at which it was determined to present Lieut. Francis T. Bryan, who so gallantly distinguished himself at the battle of Buena Vista, and who is a citizen of that place, with a sword as an appropriate testimonial of the feelings of esteem and respect which they entertain for his gallant and soldierly bearing on that glorious day.

**BRITISH DESERTERS.**—We see it stated in the Rochester Advertiser that the Canada papers are clamorous at the number of desertions which have already taken place, and which are daily taking place, amongst the British troops, stationed in that province. The deserters, to the tune of hundreds, have made their way into the United States, and most of them have enlisted in our army for the prosecution of the Mexican war. The reason they assign is, that the pay and the treatment they receive under our government is so much better than in their own service.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—We said in our last, that we had a number of poetical effusions on hand, which we would dispose of this week. Well, we have looked over them, and although not taking to ourselves any credit for taste or critical acumen in such matters, still we must be permitted to be the arbiters of the fate of these productions, so far, at least, as their publication in the Journal is concerned. It would give us a great deal of pleasure to gratify all our poetical inclined friends, but it is not in our power. We have placed on file such of them as we think of publishing, and will give them a place so soon as we conveniently can. We have, by every sort of hint which we could think of, endeavored to inform some of our correspondents, that poetry was not their strong point; but in vain. Once for all, we say, when any person writes verses for our paper, he must leave it with us, whether we will give them a place at all; and if we give them a place, at what time.

**THE YOUNG NORTH CAROLINA VOLUNTEER.**—I ask not if he cause be just, Her coffers fill'd with gold; But rally to, in generous trust, My country's flag unfurl'd; With her Eagle, soaring in the might, That in olden times he flew; And her brilliant stars and ancient stripes, On their glorious field of blue.

How can I lie in languid ease? And hear that drum and fife; And see that flag, spread to the breeze, Inviting me to strife; To battle, then, in my country's cause, And her swartly foe to face, Where he dares to spill the noble blood Of the Anglo Saxon race.

Dearest Mother! I must leave thee— Nay! wipe away that tear; Tho' it wrings my heart to grieve thee, I may not linger here. I am summoned to the field of blood, By an impulse force and strong; And must hasten onward to that scene, Where the martial spirits throng.

I am all afloat for glory; (Yourself would have it so, By many a stirring story, Of actions long ago.) In remembering thou hast told me, Of the glorious deeds of yore— When your noble sire, his country's flag 'Thro' the storm of battle bore.

Then send me with your blessing forth, Unto that distant land— Where Taylor, Scott, and Wool, and Worth, Lead forth their gallant band; And be thou a Spartan mother true; And with firmness hand my shield, Or thou sayest, "My son, return with this, Or upon it—from the field."

WILMINGTON, April 24th, 1847.

**THE ARMY NEWS.**—We again give up a considerable portion of our columns to the news from the theatre of war. In doing so we feel assured that we are meeting the wishes of a large majority of our widely extended list of subscribers. The news is great and glorious! Our victorious army is now advancing with rapid strides to the very heart and centre of the Republic. Town after town, fortress after fortress, stronghold after stronghold, are rapidly falling into the hands of our gallant troops, and yet, according to last accounts, the infuriated people of Mexico are still as obstinate as ever in rejecting the olive branch of peace. We have dates from the city of Mexico up to some days after the news of the battle of Cerro Gordo had reached that place. An extraordinary session of the Sovereign Congress had been called, and at that session it was decreed that any man or set of men who would attempt to conclude a treaty of peace with the United States, would be regarded as traitors to the Republic, unless it was done by and with the advice of the government. When, however, this Sovereign Congress finds Gen. Scott sitting down before the city of Mexico, it may be inclined to change its notions.

**93-We have been favored** with the perusal of a letter written by Capt. WILLIAM J. PRICE, dated "Camargo, April 9th," and directed to a gentleman of this place. Capt. PRICE says that his Company (raised in this and adjoining counties), has thus far borne the fatigues of the march up the banks of the Rio Grande as well as he could anticipate; that some were complaining of fatigue, &c., but that, generally speaking, they were all well, and doing as well as they could anticipate. He says that he does not yet know whether the North Carolina Regiment will remain at Camargo during the summer, or whether they will be pushed on towards Gen. Taylor's headquarters. The letter does not contain any items of news which our readers have not already seen from other sources.

**93-We notice in the correspondence** of the New Orleans Delta, the following letter, dated "Plan del Rio, April 19th, 3 p. m." It would seem from it, that the discharge upon their parole of honor of the prisoners captured—particularly the officers—has given some dissatisfaction in some quarters.

**Eds. Delta:** I have the mortification to announce that ex-President Herrera, and the other three Mexican Generals, with the balance of the officers, have been discharged by Gen'l Scott upon their parole of honor, and are now on their march to Jalapa, or some where else. No doubt to oppose the progress of our gallant army, and give us another fight. Gen'l La Vega refused to accept the parole, and goes prisoner to the United States. This move is deemed by General Scott prudent and wise, particularly when the expenses of transporting such a body of men is considered. I will only add, universal dissatisfaction reigns in camp.

**93-We see it stated in the Edgefield (S. C.) Advertiser,** that Gen. M. L. Bonham, recently appointed Lieutenant Colonel of the 12th Regiment of Infantry, has been promoted to the rank of Colonel. Col. Wilson, of North Carolina, has declined the command of the Regiment. This is as we expected. We felt certain, from the first, that Gen. Wilson would not leave the Edgecombe boys for any office the President could give him.

**ANOTHER RICHMOND IN THE FIELD.**—The Chronicle of last Wednesday, says that it has been requested by Wm. R. Hall, Esq., of Brunswick County, to announce him as a Whig candidate for Congress in this Congressional District. So the Whigs are to have a candidate. Well, some folks think themselves smart, and, of course, we have no objection to their telling the world of the good opinion which they entertain of themselves. But, seriously, we wonder if Mr. Hall is in earnest or only joking. We shall see. At any rate it makes no earthly difference, so far as the Democratic party is concerned.

**A Jury of Inquest** was holden on the 6th inst., over the dead body of a man by the name of Smith, the keeper of a saloon tavern in this place. The verdict of the jury, we learn, was, that he came to his death by blows inflicted upon him by four sailors belonging to the Brig Osage. The sailors are now in one jail, in which place they must remain until the next term of the Superior Court.

**93-There was the large amount of \$10,150,000** of specie in the vaults of the City Banks of New York at the beginning of the present month. So says the Journal of Commerce.

[The following beautiful lines were written by the Hon. ROBERT STRANGE, for a lady of this place, (an esteemed friend.) They were written on the spot of the moment, at her request, we believe, and in redemption of a forfeit which the Judge had incurred. We have begged the lady for a copy of them, and she has been kind enough to grant our request. Under these circumstances we present them to our readers. We trust the esteemed author will pardon us for the liberty we have taken.]—Eds. JOURNAL.

**"The Young North Carolina Volunteer."** I ask not if he cause be just, Her coffers fill'd with gold; But rally to, in generous trust, My country's flag unfurl'd; With her Eagle, soaring in the might, That in olden times he flew; And her brilliant stars and ancient stripes, On their glorious field of blue.

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Dearest Mother! I must leave thee— Nay! wipe away that tear; Tho' it wrings my heart to grieve thee, I may not linger here. I am summoned to the field of blood, By an impulse force and strong; And must hasten onward to that scene, Where the martial spirits throng.

I am all afloat for glory; (Yourself would have it so, By many a stirring story, Of actions long ago.) In remembering thou hast told me, Of the glorious deeds of yore— When your noble sire, his country's flag 'Thro' the storm of battle bore.

Then send me with your blessing forth, Unto that distant land— Where Taylor, Scott, and Wool, and Worth, Lead forth their gallant band; And be thou a Spartan mother true; And with firmness hand my shield, Or thou sayest, "My son, return with this, Or upon it—from the field."

WILMINGTON, April 24th, 1847.

**93-We copy the following short pithy article** from the New York Globe, and recommend its perusal to our Whig friends. We believe, however, that the Federal party in North Carolina has ceased to croak against the act of '46. We believe that the Whigs of this State have become convinced that the act of 1842 was oppressive and unjust, and we doubt whether they will ever be found again advocating the protective policy in any future contest. At any rate, at present they keep a comfortable silence on the subject:—

"There is nothing that overwhelms the whigs with more chagrin than the successful operations of the tariff of 1842; they have been completely flustered by it. Indeed, we should like to know what single point of opposition to the administration they have been sustained; and yet they try hard to keep up their spirits and their hopes by uniting and malignant abuse of the President and his measures. Mr. Clay is rejoiced at the repeal of the tariff of 1842; he says, or he imagined he saw, in it the germ of future success; and he pressed upon his friends the advantage of that change, by making the repeal of the tariff of 1816 the watchword in every State, under which the party was to be again rallied. The hue and cry accordingly was set up, and for a while was maintained, with considerable energy. Honest Pennsylvania was deceived by it—other States were entrapped; at length the operations of the new tariff began to be seen and to be felt—the justice of the equalization of duties was everywhere acknowledged; and now, so prosperous has it been found for all interests, that the manufacturers themselves have prohibited their friends from uttering the political cuckoo note of *repeal*; and we no longer hear the sneering title of Sir Robert Walker given to the Secretary of the Treasury, as the man who longer called the British tariff. This is the triumph of principle, and Mr. Clay has thus lost some very important spokes in his political wheel. Slavery, the war, and the tariff, were the three rallying points of the whigs—the great hydra—the great monster which they have been beating out of the brains of the administration. We shall see, at the next session of Congress, whether a word will be said about *repeal*. We think, on this subject, they will be as mute as a mouse in a rich suit of clothes."

**93-It gives us pleasure to see that the** generous efforts of the people of the United States for the relief of the famine-stricken people of Ireland, are properly appreciated in that country and in England. We have read a letter from Father Mathew, the great Irish Temperance Reformer, addressed to the Editor of the Albany Evening Journal, in which he says that the gratitude of the people of Ireland is literally unbounded—and that the time may yet come when the Irish people will have it in their power to prove their grateful feelings in some tangible shape. The following letter, on the same subject, addressed by Lord Palmerston, the English Secretary of Foreign Affairs, to Mr. Pakenham, the British Minister in this country, will be read with pleasure:—

**FOREIGN OFFICE, March 31, 1847.** Sir—I have received your dispatch No. 8, of the 18th ult., and am glad to hear that you are so busy for the purpose of raising a subscription in the United States for the relief of the destitute Irish poor.

And I have to instruct you to take every opportunity of saying how grateful her Majesty's government is to the kind and honorable manifestation of sympathy by the citizens of the United States for the sufferings of the Irish people. It might, indeed, have been expected that a generous and high-minded nation would deeply commiserate the sufferings which an awful visitation of Providence has inflicted upon so large a population, descended from the same ancestors as themselves. But the active and energetic assistance which the people of the United States are thus affording to the poor Irish, who it reflects the highest honor upon our transatlantic brethren, must tend to draw closer, and to render stronger and more lasting, ties of friendship and mutual esteem, which her Majesty's government trusts will long continue to exist between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon family—separated, indeed, from each other by geographical position, but united together by common interests, to which every succeeding year must add increasing extension and force.

I am, &c., To the Right Hon. Richard Pakenham, &c. &c.

**INVALUABLE RECEIPT.**—To obtain a good night's sleep, you have only to put the receipt for your Printer's bill in your night cap when you retire. You will be certain to sleep soundly that night, any how. Those of our readers who don't believe it had better try the experiment.

**93-It is ascertained by actual returns** that there has been exported from the United States since the 1st of last September, TWENTY MILLIONS of dollars worth of wheat, four Indian corn and Indian corn meal, alone!

**93-We are glad to read from the Washington** Union that the cheap postage system is working better than we anticipated. It is stated in that paper that a comparison of the returns of a number of the principal Post Offices in the United States, for the quarter ending 31st March, 1847, with the corresponding quarter of last year, exhibits an increase in the receipts of about 17 per cent. in favor of 1847.

**THE RESULT IN VIRGINIA.**—At last we have heard from this State with certainty. The sum of the result is the following:—The representation in the next Congress stands 10 Democrats and 5 Whigs, and the Legislature is tied on joint ballot.

**"THE MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE."**—We stated in our last paper that the House of Delegates of Massachusetts had rejected a series of complimentary resolutions of thanks to Gen. Taylor and his brave army, by a large majority. The same resolutions were, however, subsequently taken up again and adopted by a vote of 114 to 65. On reaching the Senate, however, they were found to be in rather an unpatriotic mood, and they were laid on the table by a large vote, immediately before adjourning sine die.—*Balt. Sun.*

This don't look much like running the hero of Buena Vista for the Presidency. For our readers well know that Massachusetts, as a State, is the very pattern of all that is thorough faced in modern Federalism. Wouldn't give him a complimentary vote, eh?

**CHAPEL HILL, May 5th, 1847.** Mr. Editor:—As our coming Commencement promises to be one of more than ordinary interest, I have thought that perhaps a short account of the attractions which will be held out to visitors upon that occasion might not prove unacceptable to a portion of your readers.

First in order, and perhaps in importance, we have received official information that our festival will be honored by the presence of the President. Thirty years ago he left these hallowed walls on a humble individual; and now, elevated to the highest office that man can bestow, and representing the sovereignty of a mighty nation, he returns with filial affection to do homage to his Alma Mater, under whose sheltering care he imbibed those lessons of wisdom and virtue which have qualified him to discharge the functions of his exalted station.

It is understood that Judge Mason will accompany the President. He is an alumnus of the year 1817; and in accordance with a plan of having an annual oration delivered before the Society of Alumni by a member of thirty years standing, will at their next meeting spread before them the fruits of experience which he may have gathered during a long and honored career. The annual address before the two Literary Societies will be delivered by James W. Osborne, a bright star in the literary firmament of Carolina. And from the established reputation of Bishop Ives as an eloquent divine, the senior Class confidently anticipates a valedictory sermon possessing the highest order of literary merit. The graduating Class too, with reverence be it spoken, it is thought, will bear no invidious comparison with its predecessors. Thus sir, you will perceive from our bill of fare, that there will be served up a "feast of reason" well calculated to tempt the appetite of an intellectual epicure.

A fine band will be in attendance; the selection of Marshals has been most judicious; and Nature herself seems busy in weaving her purest, freshest garlands to crown our fest. May we not then hope, that many of the citizens of your good old town, renowned, as they are, for their appreciation of the beautiful in matters of taste, will be induced, —laying aside for a time the cares and turmoil of life—to spend their way on a pilgrimage to this our Temple of Minerva. And, without claiming to be oracular, I venture to predict that each and all, after witnessing the rites and ceremonies, will joyfully offer up their grateful incense of their praise. Yours &c., Z.

**READ THE MOST REMARKABLE CURE EVER RECORDED.** Dear Sir—Waldobor', Me, July 30, 1845. I have experienced great benefit from your invaluable medicine, I feel it my duty and privilege to let the world know what it has done for me. Possessed of a strong constitution naturally, I had enjoyed perfect health previous to the spring of 1843, when I was troubled with a difficulty in my left side, attended with considerable pain. Sometimes in the night I was violently attacked with a cough, which continued until I was confined to the house eight months, during which time my cough was very severe. I frequently had spells of coughing which lasted two hours; I raised large quantities of discolored phlegm, accompanied with blood. Sometimes I raised a quart of blood at a time. I consulted my physicians, all of whom did their best to restore me; gave me up; said they could do no more for me; I must die. One of them said my lungs were gone. At this critical moment, when I was nearly despaired, I exhausted their skill, and, despairing of my life, my own recovery, and, at an end, I resorted to Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. When I had taken one and a half bottles those severe spells of coughing were removed. I continued taking the Balsam until spring, 1844, when I ceased to bleed at the lungs, my cough and strength improved so that I left the house, but was not able to work for a year. Now my health is good. I am able to do a day's work every day on my farm. JAS. COMERY.

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**93-We are glad to read from the Washington** Union that the cheap postage system is working better than we anticipated. It is stated in that paper that a comparison of the returns of a number of the principal Post Offices in the United States, for the quarter ending 31st March, 1847, with the corresponding quarter of last year, exhibits an increase in the receipts of about 17 per cent. in favor of 1847.

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This don't look much like running the hero of Buena Vista for the Presidency. For our readers well know that Massachusetts, as a State, is the very pattern of all that is thorough faced in modern Federalism. Wouldn't give him a complimentary vote, eh?

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